
THE
DREAM:

A
POEM
On the DEATH of His Late
MAJESTY,
William III.

[REDACTED]

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P O E M



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Occasion'd by the Death of His Late

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William III.

*Candidus insuetum miratur Limen Olympi:
Sub pedibusq; videt Nubes, & Sydera Daphnis.*

Virg. Ecl. 5.

The Second Edition. *H. e.*

L O N D O N:

Printed and Sold by John Nutt near Stationers-
Hall. 1702.

T H E

D R E A M :

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P O E M

Occasion'd by the Death of His Late

M A L L E S T Y.

W I L L I A M III.



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THE
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A
POEM

On the Death of His Late Majesty,

WILLIAM III.

THE Shades of waneing Night had now begun
 To feel the near approaches of the Sun;
 Melting they mov'd, and softly stole away,
 For now a beam of Light began to play,
 The early Harbinger of Rising Day;
 When my tir'd Soul some little respite found,
 Jaded with busie Thought's perplexing Round;
 Dissolv'd it lay, and nodding in my Breast,
 Sunk into Ease, and softned into Rest.

B

What

What art thou Sleep ? How can'st thou to Controul
 The Thought of Man, thou *Lethe* of the Soul ?
 Rais'd, when the Mind for Action is unfit,
 And Dulness Triumphs in the room of Wit ;
 When *Mimick* Notions are by Fancy wrought,
 Deluding from its Track the wand'ring Thought :
 False Flatt'rer Thou, who didst my Cares deride,
 Thou downy Ease to all the World beside.
 Kind Sleep I thought wou'd rid me of my pain ;
 But, fondly thought ; for Lo, a dismal Scene
 Restor'd me to my Grief, and to my self again.

Enlarg'd from Clay, my nimble Spirit past
 O'er the vast Deep, o'er all the Wat'ry Waste ;
 Fair *Albion's* Soil with flying steps I tread,
 Sweep o're the Lawns, and skim along the Mead :
Albion ! the Theam of ev'ry Shepherd's Song ;
Albion ! for ever Great, for ever Young ;
 She, who in Joy her *Halcyon* Hours beguil'd,
 Laught in her Flowers, and in her Pastures smil'd :
 But now she seems deserted by her Swains ;
 No Pipe, no Voice, no Musick on the Plains ;

Her

Her mourning Nymphs gaz'd on me from afar,
 And shrieking, cry'd, *What wou'dst thou Stranger here ?*
Forsaken are our Fields, and ev'ry Grove ;
Ceas'd are our Pastimes, and our Tales of Love ;
Fly Stranger, Fly, back to your Native Shore,
All Joy is fled from hence, and Softness is no more.

A spacious Cavern struck my wond'ring Sight,
 Awful, and Rev'rend, in its native Night ;
 Hush'd was the drowsie Gloom, no Voice was there,
 To Charm, or to Molest, the list'ning Ear :
 O'er-grown with Moss it seem'd, and moist the Ground,
 Silence and empty Solitude around.

'Twas this recess the sad *Britannia* chose
 To mourn her Hero, and indulge her Woes.
 Agast she lookt, once so Divinely Fair !
 Loose were her Robes, dishevel'd was her Hair :
 Her sable Veil hung down with careless grace,
 And soiling Dust deform'd her beauteous Face ;
 Each Nymph to Chear the Pensive Goddess tries,
 Whilst fixt on Earth she kept her Heav'nly Eyes ;
 Neglected is their Voice and ev'ry Strain,
 Each tuneful Cadence melts away in vain ;

In vain does all the Liquid Musick creep
 Of murm'ring Streams, inviting easie Sleep:
 Officious Winds around her Temples play,
 And Birds in sweet Complaints are vain as they;
 To lull her Grief, no Melody was found,
 Too far the Arrow went, ---- Too deep the Wound.

After a gentle pause ---- Her Head she rears,
 Fair ev'n in Grief, Majestick in her Tears;
 And sighing spoke ----

B R I T A N N I A.

Where am I? What! in these sad Realms again?
 To know new Wo, and suffer endless Pain;
 To Fields of Peace I seem'd to take my way,
 Unkind to call me back to hated Day:
 Forbear ye Nymphs, your cruel Kindness cease,
 My Soul is out of Tune, nor looks for Peace;
 Can ye, ah can ye, to my Breast restore,
 That calm of Mind which I possess before?
 I have been Happy, witness all ye Pow'rs,
 Who guilded with your Smiles my easie Hours;
 Their Homage paid, and own'd me for their Queen:
 Remotest Islands have my Glories seen,
 Far-

Far-distant *Indies* brought their Wealthy Store
 T' enrich my Land, and crown my happy Shore ;
 In Rounds of Bliss my dancing minutes past,
 In Bliss, too great to bear, too fierce to last ;
 Its Reign soon ended, Ah ! too short its stay,
 Too soon the Mist o'erspread the charming Day,
 Which stretcht its beamy Wings, and shot away ;
 The guilded Vision vanisht from my sight,
 And leaves me to the horror of the Night.
 she said —

Lamenting Nymphs sigh all around,
 And Neighb'ring Hills return the Dying sound.

I'll think no more she Cries, for Thought's unkind,
 Madness shall calm this Tempest of my Mind ;
 Oh ! Balm of Feav'rish Souls, oh ! sure Relief,
 Come sooth the workings of my stormy Grief :
 Whirle of the Brain, be quick, and give me Ease,
 Oh ! drive me from the thought of what I was ;
 Or, if Thought needs will play, be this my Care,
 T' admit no Object but *my Hero* there.

Such *William* was, but oh ! that Heav'nly Light,
 Shrunk into silent Shades, now sets in Night :

He was ---- but is no more ! come, Virgins, come,
 And with your Tears bedew the Hero's Tomb :
 Let loose your Grief, and Weep to that degree,
 Till flowing into Streams, ye all dissolve like me.
 She said -----

Unusual Wailings fill the Air,
 Attending Nymphs lament, their Garments tear,
 And to the sighing Winds spread out their silken Hair.
 In floods Grief my struggling Passions rise,
 But Sleep deny'd the tribute of my Eyes.

Thus, when of Joy we slumb'ring do partake,
 Fain wou'd we utter Words, but cannot Speak ;
 Our Passions seem too great to be exprest,
 But heaving for a vent, lie struggling in our Breast.

Britannia's mournful Sounds to Heav'n did rise,
 Wafted by Gales of Sighs which pierc'd the Skies ;
 Where bright Cælestial Forms securely fate,
 Free from *Mæanders* of Fantastick Fate ;
 And Mourn'd (as far as Forms Immortal can)
 The short-liv'd Glory of Unhappy Man.

When Lo ! a Deluge of *Ætherial* Light
 Pour'd down, and overflow'd my aking Sight ;

The

The Golden Doors of Heav'n were open thrown,
 And with a sudden Blaze, th' affrighted *Ætler* shone :
 Th' Astonisht Earth leapt back, its Goddess fled,
 And at her Center shook her wond'ring Head.

Trembling I gaz'd a while, and saw from far,
 All dreadful to behold, the Furious God of War ;
 Red Light'ning from his fiery Eye-balls flow,
 Terror, with Sorrow mixt, sat fow'ring on his Brow ;
 His Casque and Spear attending Warriors bear,
 His foaming Coursers Neigh, and beat the Air ;
 Swiftly they drew his Iron Chariot on,
 Which with a crashing sound came wheeling down.

The Thund'ring God, with all his Warlike Train,
 In mournful Pomp stalks silent o'er the Plain ;
 Sheath'd were their Swords, and useless was the Shield,
 Unmow'd the Iron Harvest of the Field ;
 O'erthrown the Trophies which were rais'd before,
 Beat down by adverse Fate, since *William* is no more.
 The dying sounds *Britannia* did impart,
 Had pierc'd the Daring Warrior to the Heart :
 Reclining on his Shield, he thus addrest,
 Whilst all the God in sighs sat heaving in his Breast.

M A R S.

[M A R S.

Oh! Goddess, cease your Hero's Loss to mourn,
 Fate's firm Decree has seal'd his peaceful Urn :
 Just was your Grief, nor cou'd you less have shewn ;
 Too well I guess your Loss, who feel my own.
 What Muse can paint the Life, what God can sing,
 The Triumphs of your Late Victorious King ?
 The Cities taken, and the Battles won,
 By the Successful Arms of *Great Nassau*, my Son ;
 Who Death in Fields of Blood undaunted saw, (Aw.
 Conqu'ring from Pole to Pole, and kept the World in
 As in his kindling Course the God of Day
 Thro' steepy Ruin cuts his Airy Way,
 And fearless do's with nimble Coursers fly
 Thro' ev'ry Radiant Savage of the Sky ;
 'Midst Dangers so, the Dauntless Hero flew ;
 With Ease He Fought, and careless cou'd Subdue.
 Methinks the Battle I descry from far,
 Oh! Energy Divine, Oh! glorious din of War ;
 His Squadrons move, I hear the loud Alarms,
 That Startle *Jove*, and shake the Globe with Arms :

Clad

Clad in refulgent Steel the Hero shines,
 And darts a Martial vigour thro' the Lines;
 A Heav'nly lustre, and Heroick Grace,
 Spring from his limbs, and Lighten in his Face:
 So lookt *Achilles*, when with Sprightly Joy,
 He fell'd the *Atlas* of unhappy *Troy*:
 Such too was I, when Impious Rage assail'd
 Heav'ns steepy Turrets, and had nigh prevail'd
 Had not I come, and Thundring from a far
 Fronted the foremost Heroes of the War;
 Pleas'd to exert my Force, and proud to prove
 The Champion of the Gods, and Shield of *Jove*.
 My Arms, my Arms, I'll mount my Flaming Carr;
 And share, at least, the Glory of the War;
 Behold, thro' fields of Blood we Jointly Trace;
 Now by my Arms he foils me in the Race,
 And scorns of *Mars* himself to take the second Place:
 They Fly, they Fly, nor can their ground make good,
 In vain the *Boyn* opposes with it's Flood;
 Thro' lanes of wat'ry War he cuts his Way,
 Waves, Winds, and Seas, are Impotent as they:
 His spear is Fate; for when he means a blow,
 He hurls th' unerring Goddess on the Foe:

The Scene shifts quick, and see, a City stands
 With lofty turrets Crown'd, and all the Plain commands ;
 They bolt their Brazen Gates, our passage Bar,
 And with loud Shouts provoke us to the War :
 Vainly ye boast your strength, we come, we come,
 Sound the shrill Trump of War, and beat the martial
 Oh! heav'nly Noise ---- On *Britains*, feircely on, (Drum
 Follow your Hero all, and force the Town :
 The Clank of Arms begins, and Millions fall,
 A Ladder straight prepare, I'll scale the Wall ;
 Follow, my Son, and *Albion's* Genius shew ;
 He Mounts, and upwards Darts upon the Foe ;
 Whole Heaps of Slain are round the Hero Spread,
 And Thousand deadly shafts fly whifling round his Head ;
 Huge pond'rous Stones the Sweating Warriors wield,
 And hurl the Rocky Quarry on his Shield :
 By Such Inglorious Fate He Shall not fall,
 I'll bear Him in my Arms, and fix him on the Wall :
 Ha! by the War, they Fly, nor dare to Stand ;
 He Scatters Death with Such a lavish Hand.
 The Gate's Unbarr'd, the Joyful Troops rush in,
 And the rough Waste of Conquerors begin ;

Wide

Wide Desolation Spreads it self around,
 Dreadfull the Cry, Amazing is the Sound :
 Death strides Triumphant o're the purple Flood,
 And with Malicious Joy besmears his Limbs with Blood ;
 With Ecchoing Shouts the Vaulted Arches ring,
 Whilst the Glad *Britains* Jo *Pæans* Sing,
 And Crown with Lawrels their Victorious King.

Thus Gay in Camps, my *William* did appear,
 Such was his Vigour, Such his Thirst of War ;
 But Oh! whom neither War nor Hell cou'd Bow,
 Too rigid Fate was forc'd to Bend to You ;
 You Mow'd the Harvest which his Glories Yeild,
 And prest the Gen'rous Vintage of the Field ;
 Well may'st thou boast that thou too strong cou'dst prove,
 You who Surmount, and Rule the Will of *Jove*.

What ? pale my Warriour ? all thy Glories fled ?
 Thy Triumphs at an End ? all Pale, and Dead ?
 Oh! cou'd not all thy Matchless Prowess Save,
 And Snatch thy much lov'd Body from the Grave ?
 Oh *Britains* ! rear each man his pond'rous Shield,
 And bear Your dauntless Hero to the Field ;

In dumb distress March Slowly to the Plain,
 And Weep, as ye had there beheld him Slain ;
 Of Arms, and Massy Sheilds, a Trophy raise ;
 Sound with the voice of War the Hero's Praise ;
 Unusual Honours to His Ghost be paid,
 Honours Divine, Worthy the Mighty Dead ;
 Then springing from his Tomb depose Your Care,
 Dye all Your Sorrows, all Your thoughts be War :
 Oh! taste, and know the Pleasure of Alarms,
 Rouse up my Sons, and Give your Souls to Arms ;
 To Arms, the Glorious Path that I have trod ;
 To Arms, that shoot a Hero to a God ;
 Scorn, scorn, the *Circe* of inglorious Ease,
 To Boys and Feeble Age abandon lazy Peace ;
 Think on the Honours which your Arms have Won,
 And think 'tis *Mars* and *William* lead you on ;
 And let each Hero, who wou'd Glorious be,
 Dare to a Height, and Merit Heav'n like Me.
 He Said ———

To Arms was heard, the dreadful Word was giv'n,
 Which seem'd to Rend the Earth, and Shake the vaulted
 [Heav'n]

My bursting Spirits cou'd Scarce their Limits keep,
 But had nigh loos'd the brittle Chain of Sleep,
 Till the soft Accents of a Heav'nly Strain
 Had Gently Sooth'd them into Rest again :
 A Lambent Glory Spread it self around,
 Bleaching with Snowy Beams the Smiling Ground;
 When Lo! a gay Machine appear'd in Sight,
 All gilt, and Studded o'er with Rays of Light;
 Slowly it Mov'd and downward took it's Way,
 Around it Crowding Beauties seem'd to play,
 Singing the Praises of the God of Day :
 Plac'd at their Patron's Feet, the Sacred Nine
 Warbled Melodious Ayres on Flutes Divine;
 Old hoary Time did at his right hand Sit,
 An Hour-glass by, and Wings upon his Feet,
 The Months and Weeks upon the Left appear,
 The Nimble Minutes and the Hours were there,
 The swift Attendants of the Rowling Year :
 His golden Harp across his Shoulder hung,
 His Arrows broken, and his Bow Unstrung;
 His Beamy Locks the Awful Glory shook,
 And turning to his Train, the God of Wisdom Spoke.

APOLLO.

The Sum of fair *Britannia's* Grief ye see,
 Ye know the cruel Cause, and mourn it all with me;
 Ye tuneful Nine, your sweetest Voices raise,
 And hush her Sorrows with harmonious Lays;
 Such as of old the *Thracian* Bard began,
 When Nature Danc'd to the Melodious Man,
 Each Tree around its Shady Branches Spread,
 And nodding to the Sound, declin'd it's Head;
 Wild Beasts upon the Heav'nly Accents hung,
 And ceas'd to harm, so softned by his Song!
 Leave, leave the Shepherds to their shady Groves,
 To sigh, and pine, for their neglected Loves:
 A nobler Subject claims your heav'nly Song,
William, from Heroes and Immortals sprung;
 Trace him ye Sisters from his earliest Growth,
 From his first dawn of Day, to ruddy Youth:
 Sing, how his fiercest Foes were forc'd to yield,
 When the young Warrior beat the dusty Field;
 What Mighties by his *Infant* Hand were slain,
 Who stood the great *Goliaths* of the Plain.

Sing

Sing, how when Tyranny fair *Albion* knew,
 And to a servile Yoke was forc'd to bow ;
 Terror, and Ruin, round her Foes He spread,
 Fought all her Battles, all her Armies led :
 Fast bound in Chains inconstant Chance was born,
 To grace his Triumphs, and his Pomp adorn ;
 She learn'd to bend beneath the Hero's Will ;
 He fixt the whirling motion of her Wheel ;
 Fixt by Necessity, she knew 'twas vain
 To gnaw the Links of her eternal Chain,
 Which Serpent-like divides to reunite again.
 Now sing of jarring Seeds the swift Decrease,
 Sooth'd to a Calm, and hush'd into a Peace ;
 Rough War's unarm'd, and thunders now no more,
 But hears the Hero's Voice, and flies the shore ;
 He clear'd the Mists, and with his Pow'rful Ray
 Dispell'd the Gloom, and gave again the Day.

So, when the God of Winds lets loose his Train,
 To Plow the Deep, and Furrow up the Main ;
 Swell'd with their Breath, the foaming Billows rise,
 And, with a frothy Mountain, mate the Skies ;
 Till the great Father of the Flood appears,

And

And o'er the Deep his peaceful Village rears;
 The blust'ring Tyrants dare no longer stay,
 But on their Wat'ry Pinions sweep away:
 Each Wave unbends its Rage, and Foams no more,
 But in a gentle Curl runs Circling to the shore.

Tune, tune your Harps, and all your Ayres improve,
 To sing the transports and the sweets of Love;
 Sing the fair Saint to whom he first address'd,
 Describe the *Eden* of *Maria's* Breast:

Sing all the Beauties of her blooming Youth,
 Immortal Candor, Piety, and Truth,
 The structure of her Body so refin'd,
 It p'vious seem'd to sight, transparent as her mind;
 So nice the Case was workt, the Vest so thin,
 The pure unspotted Soul appear'd within:
 Paint her white World of Charms, and ev'ry Grace;
 Dwell on each Feature of *Maria's* Face:
 Fair as the Light, when Infant-Nature smil'd,
 And Heav'n and Earth lookt gay, and all was mild:
 When the first Round of golden Time began,
 The Beauteous Female She, and He the happy Man.

But

But oh! Prepare a yet more piercing strain,
 And with its shriller Accents fill the Plain ;
 In harsher notes of thrilling Musick tell
 How mourn'd by all that's good this lovely Angel fell.

With soft'ning touches Paint the Hero there,
 O'rewhelm'd with floods of Grief and wild Despair ;
 Describe his Throbbing Breast, his deep fetch'd Sighs,
 His downcast Head, his foulded Arms, his dying Eyes.

But now the Wonders of his Wisdom Sing,
 The Heav'nly Wisdom of the Glorious King.
 As the dread Father of the Gods appears,
 Weighing the Fate of Man, and Period of his Years,
 What great *Aeneas* must a Conquest gain,
 Or what ill-fated *Turnus* press the Plain,
 What Wond'rous Acts must *Albion's* Fame advance,
 And what ill-boading Ruin waits on *France* ;
 Such Careful thoughts appear'd on *William's* Brow,
 When with Impartial Hands he Portion'd Fate below ;
 Measur'ing Desert with Nicety of Span,
 Nor weigh'd Exterior Honours but the Man ;
 No glitt'ring shew of Greatness cou'd prevail,
 Merit alone cou'd turn the Dubious Scale.

No specious Wiles his Soul cou'd lead astray,
 But, when his Reason pointed out the way,
 He swiftly follow'd, and cou'd first obey.
 As a calm River which do's gently creep,
 Whose whispers seem to Lull it's Waves asleep,
 His Passions kept their Banks, nor knew to flow,
 But Ebbing in his Soul, subsided all below;
 Fading as Tapers Master'd by the Light;
 Harmless as beamless Fires that play by Night;
 Prest down within his Breast, enchain'd they lay,
 And at his Reason's Glitter dy'd away.

The Dangers sing, thro' which his Arms have run,
 To save his Country, and deserve a Crown,
 Yet, with what ease he laid the Conquest down:
 Serene his End, no Hurricane of Soul
 His last and whitest Minutes cou'd controul;
 Calm as red Ev'nings in their dewey Tears,
 Gentle as blooming Innocence appears,
 Soft as the Whispers of a virgin Love,
 No Waves cou'd Ruffle, nor no Tempest Move.
 He blest the Hand from which his Soul was ta'en,
 And in a gentle sigh pay'd back the Debt again.

So a dim Taper, in it's Wane of Light,
Gilds with its latest Rays the Bosom of the Night,
Faint in its Beams, the Flame around it Plays,
And hovers o're it with Contracted Rays;
Till on its pallid Wings it upward Flyes,
And spireing to a point, gives a bright Flash and Dyes.
He say'd — The Sacred Nine in Chorus Sing
The Wars and Triumphs of *Britannia's* King;
Charm'd with the Ayres, Enchanted with the Sound,
My Ravisht Spirits Danc'd a nimble Round;
But when by Turns they Sang his latest Breath,
And how his rising Sun had Sett in Death,
At Each sad Accent of the killing Strains,
My Freezing Blood scarce dropt within my veins;
Each dismal Note Peirc'd thro' my tend'rest Part,
Heav'd in my Soul, and Sunk into my Heart. ———
The Musick ceas'd -----

When Lo! Substantial Darkneſs ſeem'd to riſe,
Prodigious Thunder rattling in the Skyes;
Heav'n, Earth, and Air, caught up on Sudden Wing_ſ,
Stood all Confeſt in fight before the King of Kings:
All radiant Bright his Em'raul'd Palace ſhone,
Spark'ling with Diamond Stars all beamy like the Sun;
Drunk

Drunk with a Flood of Light I trembling Gaze,
 Whilst a pale Terror sat on ev'ry Face :
 O're all the Earth a solemn Hush was spread,
 Silence like that which Rules among the Dead.

When mighty *Jove*, who, with a single Span,
 Measures the Earth, the little Realm of Man ;
 Who thro' the void the kindling Atoms hurl'd,
 Those Seeds of Life, which form'd the Infant World,
 Deep fixt in Thought, Majestically Nods,
 And, rising from his Throne, thus spoke the King of
 (Gods.

I U P I T E R.

Wide, as th' Abyfs, my mighty Will is spread,
 Vast, as the spacious Kingdoms of the Dead ;
 Unknown my Paths, Inscrutable my Ways ;
 For Who dares tread the Round of an Eternal Maze :
 Yet Man, weak Man, with Reason's weaker Line,
 Wou'd Sound my Thoughts, and Fathom my Design ;
 While gross Opinion, with it's puzzling Light,
 Misleads, and Blinds him in Eternal Night :
 Amaz'd he stands to see th' Impartial Grave
 Treat both alike, the Coward, and the Brave ;
 That Heroes by the Hand of Fate are Slain,
 And Demi-Gods return to Earth again.

Not

Not so my *William*, in whose blooming Youth,
 I sow'd the Seeds of Everlasting Truth;
 Humbly he lay'd down Life, and ceas'd to be,
 And Dy'd to all the World, to Live with Me;
 He wisely argu'd it a fair remove,
 To quit a Kingdom for the Breast of *Jove*:
 I lookt within my Self, and drew the Plann,
 To raise the Structure of that Wond'rous Man.

When urg'd by fire, Cælestial Metals glow
 For Forms, to be allay'd in Clay below,
 Around the Mint m' Etherial Subjects stand,
 Each Puney Pow'r creates, to try his Infant hand;
 But when *His* Oar was in the Furnace thrown,
 Whole *Jove* was then Employ'd, the Work was all my
 (own;
 My care the Royal Bullion did refine,
 Thrice did I breath, and gave a Treble spark of Energy
 (Divine:
 T' enrich his Soul I Ransackt all my Store,
 And fill'd the vessel with Immortal Oar,
 Half drown'd in liquid Good, till it cou'd hold no more.)

His Matchless Glories shall for ever stand,
 And spread where distant Worlds obey my great
 (Command;
 Swell'd with his Name ye Seas and Rivers flow,
 Waft it ye Winds thro' the whole Earth below,

Pearcht on your Wings convey it all around,
 Let Ecchoes give again the grateful Sound;
 Sing it Some God in an Exalted Strain,
 Till bounding from the Earth it reaches Heav'n again

But Thou, oh Princess, to whose Hand is giv'n
 My darling Flock, the Favourites of Heav'n,
 My *Albion* people, who, by Virtue sway'd,
 Have rais'd my Altars, and my Laws obey'd,
 Who foremost in the stretch of Glory dare,
 Inur'd to Toils, and Natives of the War,
 Who in their Infant hands the Fauchion Weild,
 And Foil the Noblest Coursers of the Field,
 No happy Nation under Heav'n before,
 Have e're deserv'd, or know my Bounty more,
 Immortal Honour by their Prowess Won,
 And long Majestick Glory, handed down,
 Makes Gay their Scepter and Adorns their Crown,
 I form'd them Pious, Warlike, Haughty, Brave,
 To scorn the abject Title of a Slave,
 The Presidents of Beauty, Wit, and Sense,
 All Monarchs of themselves, yet Faithful to their Prince,
 Virtues exalted, and design'd to be
 Worthy of things Divine, and Worthy thee,

Think

Think on the way my mighty *William* led,
 And the Nice Path with strict observance tread,
 Nor scorn to Imitate my Hero Dead ;
 Think on the Great *Eliza*, how she Shone
 Gay in her virgin Glories as the Moon,
 And all the Wond'rous Lustre was her own ;
Spain know the Terror of her loud Alarms,
 And felt the Vigor of a Female's Arms,
 To Her their Haughtiest Warriors did Submit,
 And vanquish'd Lay beneath the Heroine's Feet.

France has too long in vile Subjection Groan'd,
 And its too easy loss of Liberty bemoan'd ;
 A Royal Infidel the Scepter sways,
 Who Scorns my Threatnings, nor my Will obeys ;
 Oh Princess ! pull the Haughty Savage down,
 Snatch from His guilty Brows the tott'ring Crown,
 Ruin and Desolation round him spread,
 Give to my Justice his Devoted Head ;
 Encag'd like *Bajazet* let him be shewn,
 There, let the Royal Monster howl alone,
 With proud Disdain, and spight Infernal, Swell,
 And in his Loss of Empire find his ----- Hell.

Then from all toils and future Labours cease;
 Enjoy the Blessings of a Golden Ease ;
 Eternal Glories shall your Goings wait,
 Rough War shall Sound no more, but couch beneath
 (your Feet ;

Plenty

Plenty and Peace shall in Conjunction stand,
 And with their willing Beauties Court your Hand;
 Cælestiall Records shall with *Anna* Shine,
Anna, the Great, Immortal, and Divine.

He Say'd. -----

All Nature nodded and withdrew,
 Whilst hov'ring Deities round *Britannia* flew;
 Soft, Heav'nly Musick fill'd th' Etherial space,
 And Blooming Beauty sat on ev'ry Face;
 Fann'd by the Winds the liquid Odours flye;
 And sigh their balmy Breath along the Skye;
 Ravisht I lay, Immortal Pleasure Spread
 O're all my Limbs, and play'd about my Head;
 My Native Joy resum'd its Sway again,
 And a new Life beat high in ev'ry Vein.



FINIS

